

The Gateway

member of the canadian university press

editor-in-chief - - - - lorraine minich

managing editor—jim rennie

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assistant news editor elaine verbicky

assistant news editor bernie goedhart

sports editor steve rybak

interim photo editor neil driscoll

EDITORIAL—Cartoonists—Alan Shute, Janice MacPhail.

STAFF THIS ISSUE—Another late night—where are those turncoats who didn't show up with their assignments? Only a few loyal souls showed up to help fill the pages. Leona Gom, Mark Priegert, Mary Belle, Fred J. Osgoode, Dennis Fitzgerald, Ted Drouin, Marvin Smythe, Janet Zaluchinuk, Ron Yakimchuk, Bob Jacobsen, Silly Solly Siebert, Happy Harold Hairlip, Noel Yeaman, Beverly Boyer, Angus Boyd, Terry Asquith, John Junkie, Keith Spencer and yours lovingly, Harvey Thomgirt were the workers—but that fellow Jacobsen sounds phony.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1967

something missing

Last weekend was homecoming weekend. We assumed it would be like other homecoming weekends.

The Alumni Association sent out its normal invitations to the alumni of this university, inviting them to return to campus, perhaps meet a few old classmates, watch the final home game for the football Bears, and view the pre-game parade.

True, homecoming weekends are not what they are supposed to be because not many alumni attend, but the parade has always been interesting in the past.

The marching band participates; the clubs, residences and fraternities build floats; various dignitaries and assorted extroverts ride along in cars.

As the parade wends its way through downtown Edmonton, the Saturday shopping crowds stop to gaze at the strange collection of intelligent university students coming down the street, recalling fondly their own university days when they would swallow six goldfish at a single gulp, or a class of 30 Sociology 1 students would hold a seminar inside a telephone booth.

But, this year there was no parade, no yelling at the police controlling the cross traffic, no inducing the girls waiting for a bus to hop on and ride a float, no outlet for student enthusiasts.

It is to be hoped that the lack of a parade this year was an error, and not a sign of disrespect for tradition.

a call for action

It is encouraging to note that the city engineering department has finally promised some action on the Lister Hall crosswalk situation.

But, it is shocking to think that it took an accident at the crosswalk to spur the city to action.

There has not yet been any decision as to when the amber flashing lights will be installed; there still seems to be a hang-up over whether or not the amount of traffic using the walk really warrants the lights.

There should be no question of whether or not there are enough people using the walk. Surely 1,200 students using the walk at least twice a day is no minor traffic flow.

The girls who were injured were extremely fortunate to escape with only minor injuries. Unless lights are installed immediately, others may not be so lucky.

We wonder how many broken legs or how much blood the city has to see on 87th Ave. before it will realize the seriousness of the situation and take immediate action.

be a good guy

Thursday is Blitz Day.

It is a chance for university students to get out into the community and prove themselves as responsible adults.

The most general concept most citizens have of university students is that of grubby-looking people who

spend their time protesting tuition fees, criticizing the government, and condemning the war in Vietnam.

Blitz is a program which tends to make the student more acceptable to the public and make his ideas more acceptable too.

Its success depends on your participation.



—reprinted from the sheet

“i take it then, that you are in favor of a co-operative student housing organization?”

bob jacobsen

i wandered lonely as a clod

It had been a good party.

Now the night was very old and as I weaved my lonely way home I wondered if anyone else was out so late. Behind every whispering tree there was a shadow, and in every dark bush a bogeyman.

Occasionally a half-empty car would wisk by and I thought how nice it was I lived so close. Each streetlamp came and went, all of them large, fuzzy orbs in the distance. The moon was no more, but a few dull stars occasionally flickered in an eery black sky. I was alone, I thought.

Alone where masses bump and grind and swear. Alone in North Garneau, where during the day streets are jammed with squealing tires, blaring horns, cursing beasts and choking carbon monoxide. Alone in a place where the laughter and tears of children once played, where parents and students intermingled, where once was life. Alone in a world of once-new but now useless homes, a world soon not to be.

Alone in a cold world where snow would soon cover the black earth, the trees and all their dead leaves, the dark back alleys and all that lurks there. I could feel the snow now. Blowing and winding around every corner, protective corners, corners old and withered, corners beaten and dirty, corners too often used and abused, corners with warmth. Soon there would be no corners. Only openness.

And I saw part of the barren future lying coldly in the night like a colossal graveyard, grey tombstones all lined up neatly in rows, awaiting the beat of second-hand tires and the scrape of battered cars against their sides. Around trees that once held a child's swing I saw them protectively gathered, and around now-defunct hydrants they squatted patiently like dogs, hoping nobody would notice.

And the huge machines sat, tired and abused, waiting for early morn-

ing when once again the little gum-chewers would mount them and ride, ride until coffee time and then again until noon. Ride them over the piles of wet dirt, pushing, caressing smothering, shoving, persuading, and hurting. Hurting and injuring the work and sweat and love and labor and precious money of young ambitious couples and lonely old bachelors and prolific professors long gone.

The new gravel bulged around tired shoes as I wandered slowly through the new parking lot, up what was once a secluded black path, a place of many different smells, a place where one could tell how people really lived, a place for garbagemen to gather, for milkmen, gardeners, rushing students, and secret lovers. I heard the creak of wooden backstairs in the night, the twitter of sleepless birds, the cry of a disgruntled baby or two, the screech of a startled female cat.

It was then I heard the weeping, a sound close and quiet, a sound moving and muffled, as if it came from the depths of a blanket, a parka, or a sewer. A man was crying somewhere nearby, perhaps a drunk I thought, and it made me shudder.

His formless grey shape protuded into the night, squat upon a large rock, heaving and moaning. I investigated fearlessly.

“What's the matter?” I asked. “Are you lost?”

“No, no, no, no,” he moaned through large crooked teeth, glaring at me forlornly through crusty, bulging red eyes. “It's the sweet, innocent, young, fair, good-looking young girls. They're all gone. Now I have none to swoop down on and grab. They simply ruined my lair. Now I'll have to find a new place, and the union doesn't allow any poaching. Oh, oh, oh. What will I ever do?”

“I'm sure everything will work out,” I said, leaving.

Next day, he was gone, and the machines were again busy.